

June 23, 1940



IT IS NIGHT OVER WILDWOOD CEMETERY... A CRUEL WIND MOANS AS IT WHIPS THROUGH LIFELESS BRANCHES... THE AIR IS HEAVY... A STORM IS APPROACHING.....



NOW AND THEN, LIGHTNING FLASHES ACROSS THE GRIM, BLACK SKY, AND THE CEMETERY IS REVEALED IN THE EERIE LIGHT.. TWO FIGURES STRUGGLE AGAINST THE WIND....



NOW, LOOKA HERE, EBONY! YOU SAID YOU'D TAKE ME TO SEE "THE SPIRIT," AN' DON'T YOU "WELCH" AT THIS POINT... OUR NEED IS VITAL!



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE GROUND AHEAD, A COLUMN OF SMOKE ISSUES.

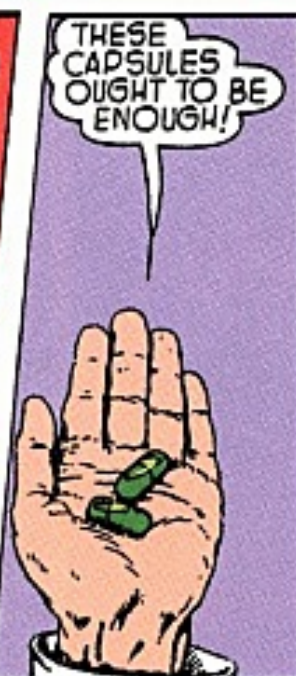


NO! WAIT, EBONY! THERE'S A MAN RISING OUT OF IT! STAND STILL!



EBONY WHITE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?





AND, AS THE MEETING CONTINUES,
THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE SPIRIT.





WHY THIS IS NOTHING BUT A RACKET... YOU CHARLATAN! STEALING PENNIES FROM THESE POOR FOLK WITH YOUR JUNK... I'M GOING TO WRECK THIS WHOLE SET-UP!



LUPO! LUPO! GET HIM AWAY FROM ME!



CRUSH HIM, LUPO! I WILL GET MY WHIP!



UH?

HA! HA! NOW, LUPO, CRUSH HIM AND THROW HIM INTO THE WATER VAT!



THE SPIRIT SMASHES HOME A PILE DRIVER BLOW... LUPO STAGGERS.



SLOWLY, THE SPIRIT BACKS AWAY... THE GADING HOLE OF AN ANCIENT WATER VAT LOOMS BEHIND.



GET HIM, LUPO!



NOW FOR THE SMOKE SCREEN! I HOPE IT WORKS!

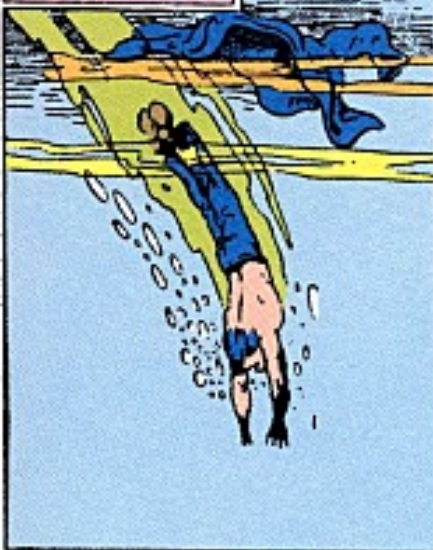


SEIZING THE SPLIT-SECOND ADVANTAGE, THE SPIRIT DIVES INTO THE TANK.



YOU BIG FOOL! YOU BIG LUMBERING FOOL... YOU LET HIM ESCAPE! NOW HE'LL BRING THE COPS DOWN ON US! GET DOWN-STAIRS, QUICK!

MEANWHILE, THE SPIRIT DIVES, SEARCHING FOR AN OPENING IN THE TANK...



I... CAN'T... HOLD... MY BREATH... MUCH... LONGER!



AHH... THIS LEADS TO THE CELLAR!



NOW, I'VE GOT TO FIND A PHONE! MAYBE THE LODGE HAS ONE...



YOU'D THINK THEY HAD A FORTUNE IN HERE, THE WAY THEY LOCK UP THIS PLACE!

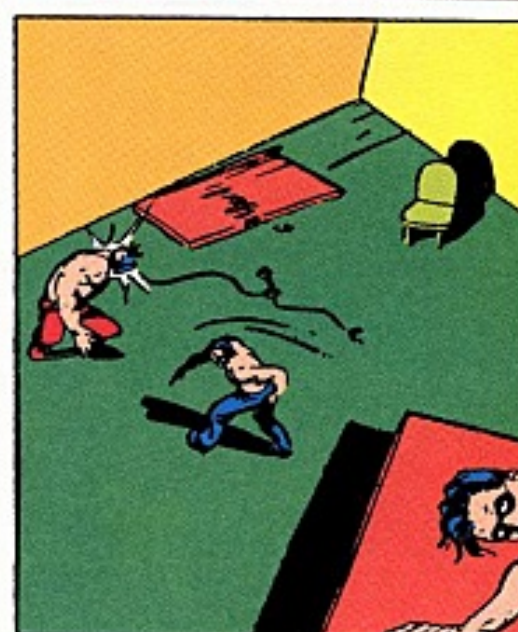


HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS? COMMISSIONER DOLAN? THIS IS THE SPIRIT! I'VE JUST UNCOVERED A VODOO RACKET UP HERE IN HARLEM... WHERE AM I??... TRACE THIS CALL IF YOU WANT TO KNOW! NO TIME TO GIVE DIRECTIONS!



HA! THERE HE IS, CALLING THE COPS! GET HIM, LUPO, STOP HIM!

...AND BY THE WAY, YOU'D BETTER SEND UP AN AMBULANCE! A COUPLE OF GUYS ARE GOING TO NEED ONE! S'LONG!



ENRAGED, THE GIANT LUNGES...

AS THE GIANT RISES...



THE SPIRIT'S BLOWS HAVE LITTLE EFFECT...THE BRUTE SWINGS WILDLY...



THE VOICE SEEMS TO AWAKEN THE GIANT...BLOOD IN HIS EYES, HE TURNS ON HIS MASTER...



WITH EASE, THE GIANT WRENCHES THE PISTOL FROM HIS HAND....



..AND AS HE FLINGS IT AWAY, THE DAZED SPIRIT IS JUST RECOVERING FROM LUPO'S BLOW..



HEY! STOP!



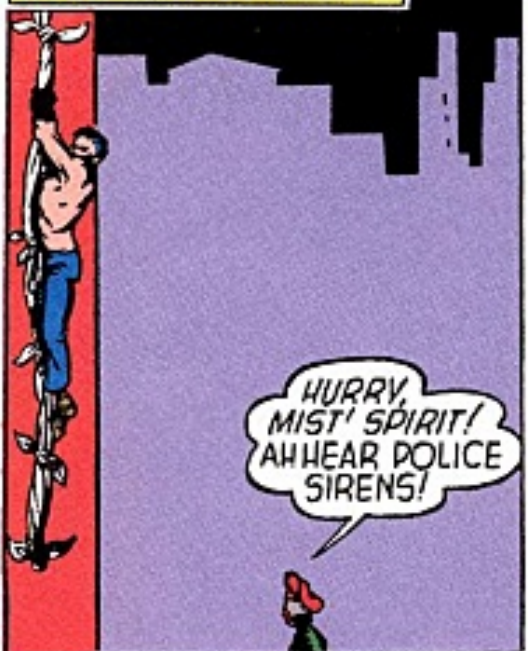
THE GIANT SINKS FLOORWARD, HIS STEEL HANDS STILL CLUTCHING HIS MASTER'S THROAT...



WHO ARE YOU?
(COUGH)...I'M HILLARY DALE...A FEW YEARS AGO, I WENT TO HAITI...ONE NIGHT, I SNEAKED INTO A VODOO CEREMONY...THE ONLY WHITE MAN EVER TO SEE IT! THEY CAUGHT ME... (GULP) TORTURED ME... LEFT FOR DEAD, I ESCAPED, CAME HERE WITH LUPO AND MADE USE OF MY KNOWLEDGE... I...OOOoou!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



WELL, EBONY, THE "GHOSTS" OF YOUR LODGE ARE DEAD! HM...I SHOULD HAVE TOLD DOLAN TO BRING A HEARSE... HURRY, EBONY, I'M COLD!
YASSUH, MR. SPIRIT BOSS!

